

# Confessions of the Nymphomaniac

by Universal Sweetheart

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Summary: Rating: MA. Uta owns a business on the side other than HysY Art Studio and it isn't the front door public eye business. What makes his service special is what he sells and who his customers are- including the lead protagonist who in a twist dislikes the clown himself and is interested in what he offers and not his performance. Her side of the story is equally uprising. UtaXOC.

## Confessions of the Nymphomaniac

\*\*Tokyo Ghoul and all its affiliated characters are property of Sui Ishida.\*\*

\*\*This Fan Fic is of my sole ownership and imagination.\*\*

\*\*The Title of this story should just about lay down the type of content that will be involved. I also would like to say that this is a oneshot but potential story. I can see it going somewhere but it really depends on the feedback I'm not sure if this amount of perverted release is publicly allowed or will be entertained or receive an audience. The title itself halfway reflects the plot of the story, this is basically my expression with a healthy obsession for Uta and a passion to write. Please enjoy and leave your reviews. I'm Itching for a chapter two.\*\*

\*\*~Universal\*\*

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><p><span><strong>Chapter 1<strong>

I had nothing to do until my service was here. How long have I been use to this company fetching me 'clean' local individuals to get my business dealt with.

I popped the cherry in my mouth a sadistic grin creeping over my face as I feel the fluids burst inside against the pressure of my teeth.

The bittersweet flavor coated my tongue as I skillfully knotted the stalk in my mouth pulling it out slowly and rested it in a jar with the many others I had done. I sat in my couch watching the television as there has been another body found that had been eaten by a ghoul in a local district buried under garbage.

I laughed hysterically, how foolish were these humans taking a killing so seriously. They were aware of what there were living amongst, it's not like ghouls were ghost and humans vnever knew they existed, they knew there were being hunted and eaten. People live and die anyways, that was the irony. More ironic was the mockery I made of the kind I was from- my own kind: humans.

BUT- if I was a ghoul I certainly wouldn't leave pieces behind. Why do they start eating them and stop anyways. From the documentaries I have watched they survive an entire month on one human body. Wouldn't it be best to kidnap and just keep it and eat it from time to time to your heart's content instead of pickering and puckering around humans having them turn up dead every day?

What about just eating the humans at the morgueâ€|their already dead?

After about a few minutes of watching the news I picked up my cherry-less glass of wine taking it with me to my balcony as I looked out at the city from my porch. I could hear the sounds of police cars and city folks moving around talking and laughing along with the traffic and loud city music blended in with sound of the night wind. I sipped from the glass resting my other hand on the railing feeling the breeze blow against my body as nothing made my skin light up more than coming out naked like this in the night air. I took in the night view- the sight of all the buildings, roads and billboards with blinking lights under the bright illumination of the moon taking place beneath the towering building while I felt the cold air caressing my body as I'm sure the metal piercing through my nipples were cold. I didn't mind.

I heard the door bell and smiled walking back inside my penthouse closing the balcony doors as I rested the wine on the glass table picking up my cigar then reached for my white silk robe tying the string around my waist as I went to the door. I opened the it pausing when I saw a familiar face.

"Something must have seriously happened for them to send you of all persons." I muttered to myself but also loud enough for him to hear.

I stared at him at my doorway as he looked back at me. His tall figure was physically intimidating but he couldn't look more suspicious with that pair of dark thick shades on his face.

I stepped aside allowing him in staring at him in his western style clothes of baggy long trousers and a stretched sleeveless grey shirt exposing all the exotic tattoos on his arms and chest. I closed the door locking it and turned around leaning against it as I watched him remove the bag he carried putting it on the floor and his glasses slipping them into his pocket before turning to me.

"Good Night Ma'am. My sincerest apology but you're going to have to be satiated with me tonight." He said respectfully looking at me with

an empty smile.

Quite the familiar face.

"Of all persons." I said as I relaxed against my door looking at him as he stood out from all my furniture and décor that was mostly white. It's almost like neurologically; my senses were focused on him without choice because of the contrast he caused in my field of vision.

"Kindly I ask that you see beyond your favor."

"I never said you were unfavorable." I murmured as I took a pull from my cigar looking to the corner of the room.

His lips curved into a smile as he walked to me.

"Do you mind?"

"Do I ever?" I growled releasing the smoke. This piece of high-horsed shit.

He rested his hand directly next to my head boxing me in between the wall and his body as I turned to him taking another pull of my cigar looking deep into his eyes. How polite of you to request before acting indirect with me.

"As one of our best customers, when we become shorthanded, we send you the best regardless of hierarchy." He said respectfully as he tilted his head to the side looking at me.

Did he expect me to be baffled or honored? No—he knew this didn't even move me and he maybe wanted to tease me for his own pleasure—so why was he telling me this. I blew the smoke into his face watching as the tobacco disappeared eventually in thin air sadly dying already but that was replaced by my content with his reaction.

"I do recall telling you to quit smoking. It's bad for the human body."

"And I do recall paying for your service, so why are you wasting your time acting \_human\_."

He looked at me blankly for a while but then his lips curved into a grin as I cringed on both the in and outside. There it was— the animalistic and disgusting bottom-feeding shit he was.

I didn't see the point of the pleasantries, the respect, the empty care and the humanistic façade. You were a ghoul, I was a human. You were a businessman and I was a customer.

Get the fuck on with it.

"Be honest with me, did something really happen at the company?" I asked as I walked ahead resting the cigar in the tray as I walked to the bedroom knowing he would follow even without me leading. He's been here before, more than enough.

"Maybe." He replied as I could hear him removing his shirt and unzipping his pants.

I slid the robe off as I paused at the security code at the entrance to my room watching him pull the double doors and entering.

"Maybeâ€|" I repeated as I entered the code locking my house down as I went into the dark room closing the two huge doors as almost on cue I felt him pressed against my body from behind me as his hands slid over my skin. "We're not in the bed yet."

Very clearly I could feel his naked body against mine as his hands slowly trailed over my sides and from his body I could smell the scent of leather, dirt, paintâ€| and blood.

I felt his hand move to around my neck as he tilted my head upwards pressing his lips against my ears, "Does it really matter?"

End  
file.